The Oregonian

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Entered at Portland (Oregon) Postoffice as second-class mail matter.
Subscription rates—Invariably in advance.

(By Mail.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months	3.25
Daily, without Sunday, three months	1.75
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.60
Weekly, one year	1.50
Sunday, one year	2.50
Sunday and Weekly	3.50

(By Carrier.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	9.00
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75

How to Remit—Send postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at sender's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state.

Postage Rates—12 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 32 pages, 2 cents; 34 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 50 to 60 pages, 4 cents; 62 to 76 pages, 5 cents; 78 to 92 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage, double rates.

Eastern Business Office—Verree & Conklin, Brunswick building, New York; Verree & Conklin, Steger building, Chicago. San Francisco representative, R. J. Bidwell, 742 Market street.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 13, 1916.

WOMEN AFTER THE WAR.

Women of Europe are finding their economic position already strengthened, as one of the results of the war, and it is interesting to note that Mme. Madeleine Pelletier, a prominent French suffrage leader, believes that the war, when all its results have been weighed, will prove to have been a real benefit to her sex. She does not, of course, count the grief and suffering of the present day, but she views the situation with reference to its bearing on the future. She believes, for instance, that women have begun to learn the value of specialization and of organization, and that this lesson never will be forgotten.

Other women no less well known for their devotion to their sex are giving the subject a great deal of attention. There is the Duchess of Marlborough who sees in the war an opportunity to advance the cause of women in England. This former American woman differs from the militants of ante-bellum days in the respect that she depends solely on the force of argument to win her cause. The war has accomplished two things, she says. It has awakened reverence for the heroism of men, and at the same time it has taught respect for the efficiency of women. The professional pessimist has been silenced by the ready adaptability shown by women in the crisis. Quick adaptability has been proved. The Duchess is devoting herself to obtaining for women a share in the local government, leaving the broader question to take care of itself.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has pointed out that women were "making good" in the munitions works in England. Since the publication of her book, however, in which she estimated that there were a quarter of a million women employed in this industry, it has been announced by an official in the munitions department that there were three-quarters of a million women so engaged. This enormous increase since last Spring indicates that official Britain has no misgivings as to women's capabilities. Another authority figures that there are now no fewer than seven million women at work in war and peace jobs in England alone.

Men, too, are devoting time to discussing the future of women after the war, and some are sincerely trying to solve the problem on the basis of greater liberty for the sex. Sir Rider Haggard has gone to Canada to see whether he cannot find openings for the surplus women, whom, he says, must be provided for when the soldiers return from the front and ask for their old jobs back again. M. Eugene Brieux, a noted French academician, believes that in his country, as in others, women will cease to look to men as prospective protectors, but this gloomy view—from the point of view of the male—is not shared by his fellow academician, Marcel Prevost, who thinks women will not be so keenly the competitors of men as has been predicted. Maurice Donnay, still another noted Frenchman, finds comfort in the thought that "there will be so much to do that all that will be needed will be a proper division of the labor."

The predictions of Mme. Pelletier, referred to before, are of exceptional interest to American women because she sees, as a direct result of the war, emancipation from the slavery of washing dishes. There will be, as she sees it, a complete transformation of the household, to put it in accord with the new conditions. Women have had their taste of work outside the home and it has proved not altogether disagreeable. This is particularly true because while the new work has been arduous—nobody denies that—it has been freed from much of the "drudgery" that has made housewives complain. She believes that dirty dishes, in the new dispensation, will be laid on the doormat, to be taken away by "specialists," who will deposit them, when properly cleaned, in the same place. Whether these specialists will be men or women she does not venture to say. Probably this will be settled by experience and trial of which is the better fitted to do the work the most efficiently.

But there will be other "specialists." Cooking will be done by them, as well as general household work. This will be done so that woman will have more time for the shop or the factory that she is now learning to love. She will not stay at home to darn socks when she can earn the cost of darning two pairs in the time she would be taking to mend one pair. "Specialization" is the answer also to this. Sock darners who make a business of it naturally will do it more quickly. There is, however, a gap in her reasoning at this point. She does not take account of the number of pairs of stockings that are mended in the odd moments that otherwise would go for naught. Darning is a sort of pastime of the women of some homes with which we are familiar. It fills the place in mother's life that the game of pinochle and the post-prandial pipe do in father's. Women always have spent their little moments to better economic advantage than men have done, whatever may be said of their success in larger affairs.

Being rid of the daily chore of dish-washing, nevertheless, does open an exceedingly pleasant prospect for women. It is, even in America, the bane of housekeeping. But one may doubt for the present the correctness of the conclusion of Mme. Pelletier, because, in spite of all the labor-saving devices that men have invented in the past to make housework easier, women have shown innate conservatism about adopting them. Women are noted for being finical about little matters affecting the household. Whether a mere "specialist" will be able to do the work to suit her nice sense of the requirements remains to be seen.

One guess is about as good as another as to what will come to pass after the war; but these speculations are of more than passing moment, because they show that serious thought is being given to the question. About the only undisputed facts garnered from the mass of undigested data are that women have surprisingly proved themselves competent—which is not now disputed by thoughtful persons—and that they have been highly adaptable, which it has been said they were not. It is this proof of adaptability to new conditions that gives most promise for the future of women in the important readjustments that are to come.

Possible changes in the costumes to be worn by women are of minor moment, except as they may affect the textile industries. It is far from inconceivable that there will be, at least in the countries of the present belligerents, some approach to the simplicity of men's attire and less obedience to the uneconomic whims of passing fashion. But perhaps this will not have the far-reaching effect on industry that some now predict. In the new order there will be so much rebuilding to be done and so much less time for the foibles of dress that it is quite easy to believe that those who now are weavers and spinners will be something else in a generation or so. Napoleon is said to have favored trousers for women, so the French, at least, have high authority for a change.

There are said to be three million fewer men than women in England today, and the war is not over. There is a great surplus of women in France. In Germany the women outnumbered the men two years ago, and the war is still killing men. Obviously, whatever else comes to pass, women will need to look forward to something else than marriage for a "career."

HOW INDIANIANS DO IT.

The Indiana Congressional delegation, or someone with apparent authority to speak for it, has bluntly notified the United States Treasury Department that serious political consequences will follow if Bedford limestone, an Indiana product, is not used in construction of the new Portland postoffice. There are two Democratic Senators from Indiana and there are eleven Democratic Representatives out of thirteen, and they are accustomed to the ways of practical politics and do not hesitate to use them. The probability that Indiana limestone will be used in an Oregon building, therefore, seems to be imminent.

Oregon also has two Democratic Senators. The Oregonian does not make any violent suggestion of coercion by them; but it would really seem that they ought to find a way to offset the political pressure upon the Administration being brought by the bold gentlemen from Indiana.

The report comes from Washington that Senator Chamberlain has been informed by the Treasury Department that local bidders cannot be preferred over other bidders. Perhaps not; but is there any sound reason why the product of an Indiana quarry should be preferred over the product of an Oregon, or Washington, or Idaho quarry in a Federal building erected in Portland three thousand miles away? There is, on the contrary, a clear duty by the Government to prefer the materials of the locality or section where the structure is to be erected, provided they are able to meet the standard tests; and unquestionably the sandstone from the Pacific Northwest is of first-class quality.

A Federal building is something more than a monument to the taste and skill of an architect in the Government service, or the object of the pride of all patriotic citizens, or even a testimonial of the good will of the Federal Government toward an individual city or state. It ought to be, whenever practicable, an example of what may be done with the building products of the favored state or section.

If those Indiana politicians make good their cheeky threat, at the expense of Portland and the Northwest, the boast of the Treasury Department that discrimination cannot be and is not practiced will require a lot of elucidation in Oregon.

THE THIRTY-SEVEN HECKLERS.

The person who has made a success at writing light fiction is doubtless just as much entitled to possess and express a keen interest in his country's welfare and its politics as anybody else—but no more. To be able to make a nation laugh over the embarrassment of a fancied express agent with a rapidly producing family of guinea pigs on his hands is quite an accomplishment. To be able to produce fishy sea stories with invariably happy endings that people will rush to read is quite a feat. To be able to put into attractive form the insipid love adventures of callow youth calls for admiration in a way. But wherein such creators above a hundred million other citizens have the right to heckle a Presidential candidate and demand his exclusive attention is not apparent.

Certain writers of stories which are most enjoyed in connection with a box of chocolates by a Summer girl in a shaded hammock have collaborated with writers of adventure, muckrakers and a few seriously minded authors in preparation of ten questions directed at Mr. Hughes. It is asserted by some persons that Mr. Hughes ought to answer the questions. But whether for his own sake or to preserve the egotism of men whose fame rests on the literary facility with which they present inconsequential imaginings is not stated.

Whatever the reason why Mr. Hughes should reply, it must be remembered that there are numerous other men whose fame and importance rest on achievements just as remote from substantial statesmanship as the writing of fiction. There are our comic-supplement artists, our baseball players, our pugilists, our auto racers and others whose names are quite as prominent in their own way as those of the thirty-seven literary hecklers of Mr. Hughes. Let the Interrogatory Club be democratic in its membership. What right have authors to demand the undivided attention of Mr. Hughes? To paraphrase the title of the most famous work of one of them, "piggishness is piggishness."

The "safety first" movement seems strangely out of place in the midst of a country torn by war, yet it is gaining marked headway in no less important a city than Berlin, which has just passed a municipal regulation forbidding chauffeurs to smoke while driving their automobiles. This would seem to disprove, at least in part, the theory that war makes people more reckless and daring. The rule against smoking, which, with true German thoroughness, is enforced against all alike, whether Prince or workingman, is not based on the danger of having fire in juxtaposition to gasoline, but on the fact that the smoker is likely to have his attention distracted, even if only for a moment, from the management of his car. He may pause a fraction of a second to bite the end from his cigar, or for a passing instant a puff of smoke may obscure his vision. In ninety-nine cases nothing happens; in the 100th a critical situation arises that should have been met on the dot. It is to meet the 100th emergency that the regulation is being enforced, as is said, impartially and regardless of protests as to the "rights" of individuals.

FUNGUS ATTACKS PINE TREES.

Serious danger threatens the white pine of the Eastern states, unless public spirit of a high type is shown by state officials and individuals. Discovery last year in Massachusetts that the dreaded blister rust had arrived from Europe has been followed by demonstrations that pine trees in several other states already are similarly affected. It appears now that all New England is in a danger zone and that evidence of infestation has been found as far west as the Great Lakes country. It is not possible to ascertain definitely how fast the pest is traveling, since there are no positive data as to the date of its arrival at any particular point, but there is reason to believe that its rate is rapid and progressive.

A serious feature of the situation is that in the nature of forest trees the trouble cannot be controlled by spraying, which operation would be much too costly to be practical, even if it were not a physical impossibility in nearly every instance. It appears that the only remedy is to seek out and destroy infested trees wherever they may be, and if this policy is to be followed it is essential that there shall be early discovery. Destruction must be complete, for the slightest bit of remaining fungus is sufficient to render all efforts naught. It will be seen, therefore, that unless whole woodlands are to be denuded in the attempt, an early start must be made.

It is a situation, therefore, in which, as we have said, everything depends on co-operation and local public spirit. Every man who owns a pine tree must be on the lookout in every state in which there is reason to believe the fungus has gained or will gain a foothold. Government aid alone will not be sufficient to meet the situation, for a great army of inspectors could not cover the ground in time.

One crumb of comfort is extracted from the fact that the infestation thus far is confined to the genus Pinus, and inquiries made as to its course in Europe give no reason for believing that it has yet attacked other trees. Experts are not pessimistic as to the possibilities of gaining control, but they frankly warn the people that they must be on the lookout if they would save the pines. Precautionary measures promptly taken are quite likely to prove effectual, while in a year or two they would be of no avail.

FARM LABOR.

The problem of getting help to harvest the crops, now confronting the farmer anew, is closely allied to the bothersome question of domestic help in the home. It always has been a wonder to many persons why girls, for example, seemed to prefer the grind of the store and the factory to the housework for which it was assumed they were better fitted. Every year there recurs the inquiry why young men will persist in seeking more or less unsteady employment in the city when there are so many chances for all-the-year-around employment on the farm. At least every Summer the farmer is put to it to find the help he needs, even in general localities where urban unemployment is by no means rare.

An Ohio commission has reached the conclusion that in the case of the farmer the fact that his employe does not have enough time to himself is controlling. There are some advantages in city employment in the respect that when a man has finished his day's work he is his own master, if even for only a brief period. Farmers from time immemorial have worked from sun to sun—and then some. It is not altogether that farm work in the busy season is hard work. Loading ships and working in mines are even harder, yet there is no dearth of men for them. The work of the farmhand is not always ended when he comes in from the field. There is nothing particularly definite about the length of his day, except in instances that are not the rule. The Ohio investigators conclude that this uncertainty, coupled with a certain lack of privacy which goes with being under another's beck and call at all hours, has much to do with the situation that now exists, just as it influences the issue of domestic help at home.

Like most investigators, the Ohio body is stronger on pointing out the situation than in offering a remedy. It is admitted that particularly in harvest time, when the weather is favorable, crops simply must be moved. It is hard to sacrifice a bit of daylight when the grain is in the sheaf and no one knows that the morrow will not bring forth a storm. Yet every self-respecting man does want some time that he can call his very own—not that he is indolent, or tired of working, but because there are certain demands of his inner spiritual consciousness that need to be satisfied. He probably has not analyzed the feeling, but that is what it amounts to.

It seems as if, in the absence of official counsel, it is up to the farmer to find his own remedy. But the necessity is quite plain. The lack of farm help becomes every year more serious.

A THIRTEEN HUNDRED MILLION CONGRESS.

One need go no further than the statement of Representative Fitzgerald, Democratic chairman of the House committee on appropriations, in order to substantiate Mr. Hughes' charges of extravagance against the Democratic party. In a statement to the House he gave the total of proposed appropriations for the fiscal year 1917. With the addition of latest increases in Army and Navy bills this total is $1,665,082,267. Deduction of the increase over the Army and Navy appropriations for the previous year, namely, $386,311,231, makes full allowance for the additional cost of preparedness, which is incurred in response to the demand of the people. This leaves $1,278,771,046 as the appropriations for ordinary purposes and for Army and Navy on the normal scale. This total compares with $1,114,937,012 for the fiscal year 1916, an increase, excluding extra expense for preparedness, of $163,834,034.

That is the measure of increase in Democratic extravagance in one year. It is by no means the full measure of waste as compared with Republican expenditure. The last fiscal year for which appropriations were made by a Republican Senate and House with a Republican President was that ending June 30, 1911. In that year the total was $887,674,975. The increase over 1911 for 1916 was $227,262,037 and for 1917 it promises to be $391,096,071. This is the measure of Democratic extravagance as compared with the Republican extravagance which the Democrats denounced in their Baltimore platform.

The Reed Congress elected in 1890 was called by the Democrats the billion-dollar Congress. The present session alone of this Congress promises to be almost a thirteen-hundred million session, let alone the extra cost of preparedness. That will make it almost a seventeen hundred million-dollar session.

FROM CALLAHAN TO LAFFERTY.

It is not a very long step from the reprehensible political status of Emmett Callahan to the disreputable political status of A. W. Lafferty. Both pledged themselves, in accordance with statute, that if not nominated by the party from which they sought preferment they would not become candidates of any other party.

Lafferty sought the Republican nomination for Congress, was defeated and now accepts the Progressive nomination in violation of his plighted word.

Callahan was nominated by the Progressives for Presidential elector, but his party has disintegrated and has no candidate for President. But Callahan decides to stay on the ballot as a fifth wheel to the Democratic wagon.

The impression prevails too widely that "politics" is a term of reproach; that elections are vehicles specially designed for the benefit of self-seekers; that the candidate properly may and does lay aside the tenets of truth, honesty and uprightness that are demanded of men in everyday life. The Callahans and the Laffertys contribute ignobly to this impression.

IMPETUS TO LANGUAGE STUDY.

Thoughts of perfecting a universal language that would represent, among other things, the aspirations of a world for a brotherhood of man are being put aside just now in the countries of the entente allies in favor of a more extensive study of the languages of one another. Thus, the French have developed a revival of interest in English, with which they are being made more or less familiar through the presence of a million or so of Englishmen on their soil. In England there has been for a good many years past a general familiarity with French among the educated classes, but this is being extended, and there is a movement, quite general in extent, toward learning Russian. German, partly through the chauvinism that seems inseparable from war and partly because of the belief that international intercourse will take new channels later on, is falling into disfavor. Both England and France appear to be looking with hopeful eyes toward the Orient, also, as is indicated by new manifestation of interest in Chinese. There is a minor movement toward Spanish, but this seemingly has not attained general proportions, which would indicate that the allies see greater prospective profit in establishing connection with the more ancient civilizations and the more populous sections of the globe.

How long enthusiasm for the study of Russian and Chinese will last it is of course impossible to predict with confidence, but if it is not dampened by actual effort in a year or two, the people who try it will be entitled to new laurels for persistence and continuity. "Spanish in twenty weeks," said the old adage, "French in twenty months, but German in twenty years." It is noteworthy that no promise is made as to Russian, and, indeed, it has been a common belief that the Slav languages were quite beyond the ordinary man. Few Englishmen have obtained anything approaching a profound knowledge of it, and they were, as a rule, uncommon men, more than ordinarily possessed of the gift of tongues. Its admitted difficulties have been a check upon its popularity, which has been perhaps one reason why Russians have lived so much in isolation, as compared with other great nations of the civilized world. Substantially the same thing has been true of Chinese.

It is curious in this connection that the two languages hit upon for future study should represent, as do Russian and Chinese, the extremes of linguistic construction. For Russian is highly inflected, while Chinese is not only without inflections but virtually without distinct parts of speech, as we know them. In Chinese the relation of a word may be recognized from its position in a sentence, and at different times the same word may serve as noun, adjective, verb and adverb. In Russian, on the other hand, construction is free, inflection obviating misunderstanding. Chinese may be said to be without grammar, except as to syntax. Russian is to the novice a bewildering maze of grammatical perplexities. The prospective student, especially if he be one who grumbled over his Latin lessons, will be interested to learn that there are in Russian seven cases: three genders, which apply to nouns, adjectives and the past tenses of verbs; two terminations for adjectives, and a practically endless variety of "aspects" of verbs, to atone for the fact that there are only three tenses. In addition to which, the capacity for compounds, derivatives, suffixes and affixes, the special forms for diminutives, for caressing, for contemptuous, for heroic ideas and the like, the extraordinary verbal felicities that are possible to the scholar and are snares for the uninitiated—all these contribute to make Russian at once the delight of scholars who have nothing else to do than master it and the despair of the man who is seeking it merely as the incidental means to a major end.

It is impossible, said a Russian patriot, to conceive that such a language was not made for a great people. But he could not have been alluding to the mere fact of its complexities, for Chinese is not without these, though they are of a different kind. Apart from the fact that the book language of Chinese has more than one form and that the mandarin tongue is in disfavor in many parts of the country, necessitating the mastery of many vernaculars if one would travel, Chinese makes up for its lack of grammatical forms by being supplied with a great variety of tones, sometimes as many as seven to a single sound. This is almost as bad as conjugations and inflections, and when it is coupled with a vast number of idioms that differ widely in the written and the spoken language and in the various vernaculars, it may be said to be worse.

These are the two languages, when there are so many easier ones, that the English and French are about to attempt to add to their accomplishments. How they will fare when it is learned, for example, that one of the commonest words in Russian is vwesokoprevoshoditelstvo, meaning "high noble excellency," and that it is not only not an exceptional word, but one that may be fairly called a sample rather than a specimen, remains to be seen. And when one thinks of being compelled to say "zdravst-vuie-tse" every time he means "how do you do?" he is inclined to wonder that people inquire after the well-being of their neighbors at all.

Both in Britain and in France these language movements have been started by the establishment of chairs in languages in leading universities and by provision for instruction in the minor schools. One of many endowments for the purpose in England has been made by Sir James Roberts, in Leeds University, to foster the study of Russian; and there have been other similar provisions in both countries. Young men desiring to enter the Russian field are to enjoy special and lucrative privileges, on condition that they equip themselves thoroughly. Fundamentally the movement is commercial, but naturally it has engaged the attention of literary men as well.

If there is merit in accomplishing a feat of extreme difficulty, or in overcoming a great obstacle, young Frenchmen and Englishmen who stay with Russian and Chinese to the end are going to deserve much credit; perhaps more than they will get. These things have been done, but they have never been common among English-speaking people, who are said to be, for some reason, the poorest linguists in the world.

For the first time in the history of the United States, this country is handling its own sealskins, a condition that should have been brought about long ago, but was not, largely owing to trade secrets connected with the dressing and dyeing of the furs, which were possessed exclusively in England. Seal furs are used more extensively in America than in any other country on the globe, and the United States Government has done more to prevent seals from becoming extinct than all the other nations put together. It is due entirely to our initiative that there is now a growing supply of seals from which to draw. The present protective law will expire next year, and at that time there will be a large number of young male seals from which to draw a renewed supply. The total number in the Alaskan herd now is estimated at upwards of 300,000, and it is believed that 100,000 will be added this Summer, after which, under moderate regulation, there will be little danger of extinction, such as faced them only a few years ago.

When our boys come home from their mimic war adventure along the border, we are going to stop making fun of the wrist watch. Just why the jokesmiths should have picked on this convenient way of carrying one's timepiece, where it can most easily be used for reference, it being admitted that the watch is a useful thing, would be hard to explain, unless the necessity of strapping it on suggested the bracelet, and the bracelet was looked upon as effeminate; but, in any event, the paragraphers are about to be robbed of one of their profitable sources of material. The sole remaining objection to the wrist watch, its crystal, has been overcome by invention of a material which may be called unbreakable glass. Thus, neither a fall, nor the bursting of a shell, nor any other accident will cause the watch to imperil its wearer, and the obvious utility of the thing has done the rest.

Every now and then a phrase is made that commands attention because it provokes thought anew, though the subject may be old. This is true of two words recently spoken by Dr. E. A. Steiner and quoted in the Independent. Dr. Steiner says that every teacher should be able to speak English "contagiously well." This means more than merely speaking carefully and grammatically; it includes everything that goes with personality and the inspiration of a good example, and, considering the importance of language in influencing thought, it is particularly apt in this time of discussion of hyphenated Americanism and everything that goes with it. But the "contagious" teacher undoubtedly is born rather than made in normal schools, and the administrative and practical difficulties in the way of limiting employment to those so gifted are quite obvious.

With the death of General David McMurtrie Gregg at his home in Pennsylvania the other day there passed the last Union soldier who held the rank of General at the battle of Gettysburg. His military record was remarkable as an example of speedy advancement under the pressure of necessity of that troublous time. He was a West Point graduate, but had attained only a Captaincy when the war began. Within six months he had become a Colonel and by the latter part of 1862 he was a Brigadier-General. He was then only 31 years old. At the head of 10,000 cavalry, he is credited by some historians with having turned the tide of battle by forcing General Jeb Stuart to retire from Little Round Top at a critical stage of the contest.

Assumption that failure to impose a charge on water power would swell the profits of power companies is utterly fallacious. Nearly every state regulates charges on the basis of actual investment and actual cost of production. Hence any rental charge would not be taken from the power companies' profits but would be passed on to the consumer and would discourage use of water power.

The Turkish excuse for not permitting relief to be extended to Syria—that the crops are better in that region than in other parts of the empire—shows a peculiar twist of the Turkish mental process. People who are starving are not much comforted by the thought that others are worse off than they. Misery may love company, as the adage says, but it cannot live on it.

It will be observed that the British mass meeting that demanded the execution of the German Emperor was composed of men who are not at the front. It is invariably behind the lines that the extremes of chauvinism are heard. The men who are doing the fighting are universally more moderate in their judgment of their enemy than the stay-at-homes.

Mr. Bryan's declaration that he feels no sense of shame over the exposure of his "deserving Democrat" letter only shows how fortunate the country was in 1896, in 1900 and again in 1908.

So far as words can give assurance, the new Foreign Minister of Russia seems to have disposed of those rumors that he is pro-Teutonic in his policies.

As the bakers would put it, a double loaf is better than no bread.

EDITORS IN SOUTHERN OREGON

Successful Meeting of Association, With Fine Entertainment.

The Oregon State Editorial Association has just concluded a successful annual session at Medford. There was a large attendance, the largest in the history of the organization. The entertainment of the editors by Medford and all Jackson County was exceptionally considerate and generous. The local arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Ben Sheldon, who was ably seconded by Mr. S. S. Smith, of the Medford Sun, and by many other energetic and hospitable citizens of Medford. The Oregon papers at hand abound with articles reporting the editorial sessions and the many social affairs and descriptive of the Rogue River Valley, its thriving cities, the Siskiyou Highway and Crater Lake. Among the invited guests was Major H. W. Patton, editor of the Hoquiam Washingtonian. Major Patton had in the Washingtonian the following interesting account of the event:

When Mr. E. E. Brodie, president of the Oregon Editorial Association, invited me to attend the annual meeting of that body, to be held at Medford and Crater Lake, I accepted because President Brodie had attended the meeting of our State Press Association, and because he is such a fine fellow that I wished to see more of him. Glad, indeed, am I that I was influenced by these motives and made the trip. It is the first time I have ever been in Southern Oregon, with the exception of passing through on trains, and this trip has proven a revelation to me.

In the first place, I did not believe that any such wonderful thing existed as Crater Lake. In the second place, I find it hard to believe there are enough people in the world to eat up all the pears raised in the Rogue River Valley. In the third place, I had no idea there was such a beautiful spot in the Western country as Lithia Park at Ashland.

Also I did not before think that it was possible for two towns the size of Medford and Ashland, situated as they are within eight miles of each other, to be upon such friendly terms. In Medford we were furnished with literature descriptive of the town and county, and at least one-third of the pages were devoted to extolling the advantages and beauties of Ashland. In Ashland we heard only good words spoken of Medford. There are many towns in close proximity to each other which might well take a leaf from the book of these flourishing communities in Southern Oregon.

* * *

This was the largest and most successful meeting the Oregon Editorial Association ever held, and the programme was one of exceptional strength and interest. President Brodie presided with grace and dignity and Secretary Bates left no stone unturned and saw that the proceedings passed off smoothly and the comfort of the delegates was looked after in every regard. The sessions were held in the auditorium of the Medford Library, which is situated in the midst of a gem-like little park.

The people of Medford and Jackson County certainly outdid themselves in the line of entertainment. The delegates and visitors to this convention were furnished with good rooms at the three splendid hotels in Medford free of charge, while dinner followed luncheon in such quick succession that about all a man had to pay for was a modest breakfast.

On Friday afternoon an automobile drive was made to the California line. Mrs. Patton and myself were so fortunate as to be taken in the auto of Mr. Getchell and had as companions on the trip Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Piper, of Portland. The drive over the Siskiyous is one of surpassing beauty and interest. The distance from Medford to the California line is some 35 miles. We stood at the line between Oregon and California, which is marked with an imposing sign post, and down below us nestled the charming little California village of Hilt. Even at that distance pictures of foaming schooners were visible to the naked eye, but Mr. Getchell turned a deaf ear to the hints of his guests and sternly reversed his auto and took us back to Ashland.

* * *

I wish I could spare about two columns to describe the beauties of Ashland's park; suffice it to say that it is in a canyon just south of the town, where nature has done its utmost, and its work has been supplemented by the expenditure of almost $200,000, voted by the enterprising citizens of Ashland. There are gushing springs of effervescent Lithia water, sulphur water, and pure artesian water. There are grottoes and waterfalls, towering trees, greenswards, beautiful flowers, and at night when the banquet was given under the spreading branches of the monarchs of the forest and myriads of electric lights flashed, it was truly a scene of enchantment.

Saturday was devoted to business sessions, and the ladies of the party were entertained at luncheon by the ladies of Medford, and taken on an auto trip through the foothill orchards. At night a beautiful banquet was served at the Medford hotel, some 400 guests being seated at the tables.

At 6 o'clock Sunday morning the start was made for Crater Lake, 85 miles up in the Cascade Mountains. On this drive we were the guests of Mr. Gore, who is the proud possessor of a seven-passenger Packard car, and whose son, Jay, is the best driver in Southern Oregon. We made the run to the lodge at Crater Lake in a little less than five hours, and those of our fellow citizens who have made the trip on the winding road through the forests and up the hill, will agree that this was remarkable time.

Crater Lake is a body of water of unbelievable blue; in fact, it is so blue that in gazing upon it, one thinks it is a sheet of deep blue glass. It fills the crater of an extinct volcano, and is about 15 miles in circumference and is as round as a teacup. The water is 2000 feet deep and the rim of the crater is about 1000 feet above the water. At one place in the lake there is a small island, or what might be termed a cone, with another crater in the top of it. This crater is dry and last year the Knights of Pythias of the state, to the number of 300 gathered in this small crater and conducted initiatory ceremonies. It is utterly impossible for me to attempt to describe this wonderful place, but I trust in the near future to print an article regarding it and disclosing the connection of Mr. Will G. Steel, president of the park, with its preservation by the Government. At present I must content myself with saying that any person who makes the trip to Crater Lake will never regret it, and that any money which the United States Government may appropriate for its preservation will be well spent. It is one of the choicest possessions of the people of the United States.

* * *

In the course of a talk which I gave at the editorial session, I made the suggestion that in 1918 the editors of Washington, Idaho and Oregon hold a tri-state meeting at some central point in one of the three states. The suggestion was that joint programme and joint entertainment be had and separate business meetings be held. This suggestion was first made to me by Mr. C. E. Ellington, editor of the Chehalis Bee-Nugget, and he is hereby informed that it was exceedingly well received by the editors of Oregon, and no doubt it can be accomplished.

In common with all of the visitors my heart is filled with gratitude for the abounding hospitality of the people of Medford and Ashland, and, in fact, of all Jackson County. These people have the spirit which builds up communities and any person who visits there is bound when he leaves to chant the praises of Southern Oregon.

His Aunt's Legacy.

Puck.

Howard—Did your aunt remember you in her will? Henry—She sure did. Directed her executors to collect all the loans she had made me.

Gleams Through the Mist

By Dean Collins.

THE OLD SONGS.

I cannot sing the old songs
I sang long years ago;
The ethics of the old songs
Are out of date and slow.

* * * *

It ought to be possible, however, to inject a little zing into the morals and ethics of some of the old songs and brace them up so that they could get by with our present progressive and emancipated generation.

F'rinstance, there's that colorless old ballad that they used to sing 20 years ago, somethin' like this:

How can I leave thee?
How can I from thee part?
Thou only hast my heart,
Sister, believe.
Thou hast this heart of mine
So closely bound to thine,
No other can I love
Save thee, alone.

Blue is the floweret
Called the forget-me-not,
Wear it upon your heart
And think of me.
Floweret and hope may die,
But love with us shall stay—
That cannot pass away,
Sister, believe.

In the first place, you gotta cut that constancy stuff and inject a little of the spice of scandal into the song, or it's dead from the prelude.

Then give it a title with a punch, and put it over something like this:

"HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE?"

Or, "What's the Quickest Way to Get Away When Hubby Comes?"

(The latest song success of Minnie Mazuma, the fifth divorced wife of Fighting Fahrenheit, the ex-world's champion free-for-all fighter.)

How can I leave thee, kid?
What's the quickest way to get away
and hid?
If your hubby gets me he will dent
my lid,
Sister, believe.
Thou hast this heart of mine all right,
But kindly tell me where I can get
out of sight,
I hear your hubby coming, so I'll say
good-night!"
How can I leave thee,
Where's the quickest getaway?

Blue is the floweret, hon,
Forget-me-not—you wear it, for I've
got to run,
For I've heard your husband always
packs a gun
And thinks of me.
Floweret and hope may die,
I'd a darned sight rather they would
die than I.
So if you'll excuse me I will say:
"Good-bye!"
Sister, believe me,
How can I leave thee?
What's the quickest way to get away-
hay?

"Sir," said the Courteous Office Boy, "I pity the Police Judge from the bottom of my heart, I do. His surgeon's bills must be something fierce—"

"Whaddaya mean, surgeon's bills?" I snarled, suspicioning that the C. O. B. was laying a trap for my trustfulness.

"Judge Langguth told me the other day," said the C. O. B., seriously, "that he had several new felons on his hands every day, and—"

With a chuckling hoot the C. O. B. aeroplaned out of the eighth-story window closely pursued by a hunk of linotype metal that I had borrowed from my friend, Dad Whiting, for just such an occasion.

WHAZZAT, POPE?

(Being more of the philosophical poems of the C. O. B.)

"Whatever is, is right!" sang Pope,
While toiling up life's rugged slope.
But had his trousers felt the wrench
Of gum left on a nice park bench?

"Whatever is, is right!" sang Pope.
To which I roughly answer: "Nope!"
For lately, every day I've seen
A higher price for gasoline.

"Whatever is, is right!" sang Pope,
Strewing Life's path with heliotrope.
If so, why do they wish to kill
So many chaps in vaudeville?

"Whatever is, is right!" sang Pope,
Did he e'er buy a cantaloupe
For fifteen cents, and cut inside
And find the gracer man had lied?

No Such Place.

Speaking of the new geographical names that turn up in the present war, we found one of the copy readers wrestling with a map the other night and going over Northern France with a reading glass.

"Whassamatter?" we asked.

"One of the dispatches today tells about the French forces advancing in echelon," he muttered, "and I'm darned if I can find any such a place anywhere on the western front."

SEE AMERICA FIRST.

By F. P. Williams.

A story is told
Of a good man of old,
Who died and who went to the sky;
All his life in his cell
And his hair shirt as well,
He had yearned for the mansions on
high.

As the portal he neared,
To him Peter appeared,
With the keys of the gate in his
hand;
'Prey, good saint, let me in,
"Long I've fought against sin,
"And would reap my reward in this
land."

But St. Peter replied,
As the good man he eyed:
"Though I doubt not your work or
your worth,
"On that planet down yonder,
"Yet—I wonder—I wonder—
"Say! what do you know of the
earth?"

The good man was nonplussed;
All his life had been just;
He had warred against sin with great
zeal;
But he'd ne'er been, by golly,
In Pullman or trolley,
Or sight-seeing automobile.

"Well then," said the Saint,
"Nothin' doin', there ain't;
"For the present I bid you good bye.
"See the Earth, Mr. Monk,
"Before checking your trunk,
"And taking a trip to the sky."

There's a moral right here,
That should spread far and near,
Among those who for traveling
thirst:
When the wanderlust strikes you
Don't take foreign hikes. You
should see your own native land
first

And that thing we abhor—
That awful world-war
Is not all bad, as it might appear;
For it keeps those at home
Who would otherwise roam;
And the money they spend, they
spend here.